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A WARRIORESS ENCOUNTERS BOB AND NANCY

by Shaaron S. Honeycutt

Shaaron S. Honeycutt, wife of TMI Operations Director A. J. Honeycutt, writes copious notes in her journal while taking Institute programs. When asked about material regarding Nancy and Bob, she sheepishly provided the following account of an experience during her January 1991 LIFELINE®. Shaaron is an audio/video sales representative for Crutchfield Corporation and also grows and markets specialty foods grown in her magic garden, Terre Vibrant.

On the Wednesday afternoon of my LIFELINE adventure, we were given an exercise in which we were instructed to move to Focus 27 and look for people that we knew or had known. It seemed simple enough and I was game, so we went in without delay.

I like to start with a conscious passage through the various levels, beginning with Focus 10. The ritual is both calming and reassuring and enables me to put everything else aside to truly “be” There. Moving on to Focus 15, I found myself in a dark midnight-blue environment reminiscent of what I would imagine deep space to be... but more comfortable. From the blue of 15, I went through the colors, feeling as though I was passing up through filters—each stripping off that which would limit me—before moving on to the next, while experiencing each level as having certain characteristics associated with it.

By Focus 21, I emerged as a light being and donned what I call my “spiritual warriorress” garb. It’s a little hokey, but I had a breastplate with a glowing heart pulsing with life energy, a white cape, an arcane symbol emblazoned on my forehead, and my energy bar tool slung over my shoulder like a protective purse. Thus appareled, I was ready to go adventuring around the cosmos and kick some cosmic keister (if need be) for the good of all. Well, in any event, at least I felt safe.

The next move was up to 25. I stopped in a tiny, rustic chapel or temple and knelt down to offer gratitude to the life I lead and ask for guidance as I proceed on my spiritual quest. While I meditated, panels opened up in the right and left sides of the roof to let in bright shafts of light. These shafts intersected each other to form a prism of energy which concentrated on my forehead. I knew it to be “God Energy” (WOW!) and my body glowed golden from that point on.

Pressing on to 27, I surveyed the landscape for the object of our exercise... someone I knew. It wasn’t long before I spotted a couple strolling over the closest hillside as if out for a Sunday afternoon walk in the park. Yes, of course, it was Bob and Nancy. Both of them smiled in welcome as they approached. Nancy looked like something from scripture, an angel as described by authors of old, with swept-back white hair and a flowing white robe. She exuded

well-being and love—a reassurance completed by a broad smile. Bob sauntered next to her as only he can do. The epitome of the country gentleman, he wore a tweed blazer with those leather elbow patches, along with the trademark driving cap sitting askew on his head. He had a mischievous grin, a knowing glint in his eye and a weathered cane in hand, just for show. In his impish but wise way he was an encouraging yet daunting figure. This guy can look right through me to the core. This is my sense of both Bob and Nancy as archetypal patriarch and matriarch.

I returned their greeting. Nancy expressed how wonderful the love is that I experience with A. J., how truly glad she was for us both, and that many are not privileged to have such love in their lifetimes. She also intimated that I was on the right path (my fundamental goal for the week revolved around professional goals) and that our time would come, so relax and enjoy the ride. Everything would be okay, BUT part of the adventure was to find your own way. I asked for a little hint and we all laughed. Bob reiterated Nancy's assurances and called me "sweetie," while giving me the proverbial pat on the back. He told me that the love and life force was strong within me and that I had the ability to "go forth and prosper" on many levels. Of course I wanted to ask more of them but, as usually happens for me, the tape beckoned us back to C-1 and the reality of the CHEC unit.

I came out of the experience with something words cannot define. Perhaps it is a Bob and Nancy energy blanket. I wear it with me. It is confident, reassuring, and calm—a lovely gift from a walk in the Park.

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